

To Miss. Cora Kimberly.

# I have no mother now

Composed by

## FRANZ STAAB.

*Professor of Music, at Chicago Ill.*

25¢ net

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I HAVE NO MOTHER NOW



# I HAVE NO MOTHER NOW.

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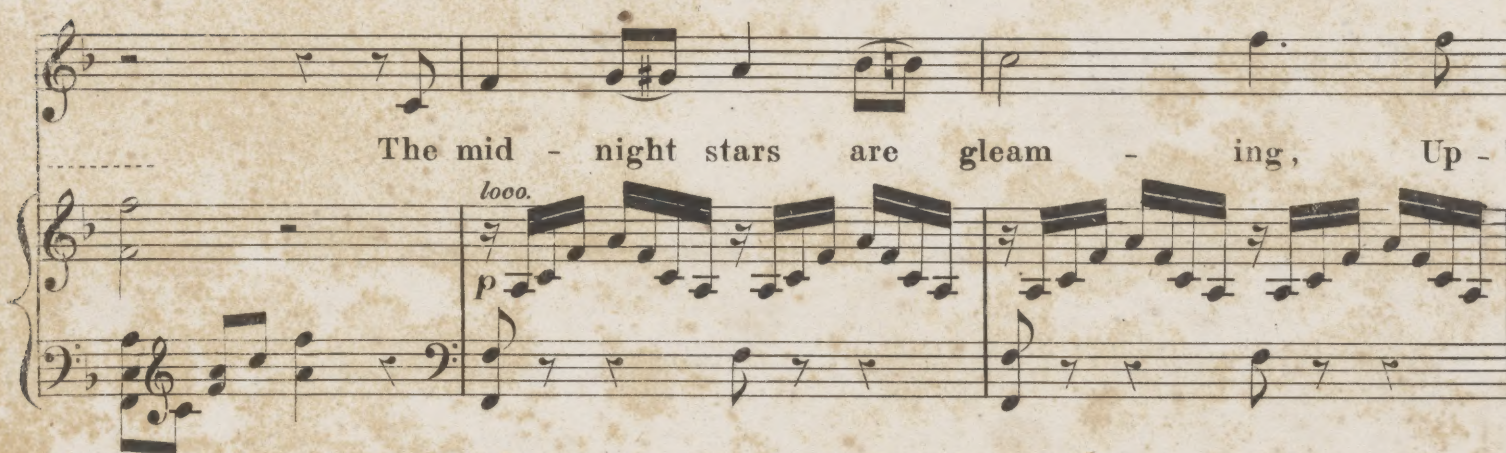
FRANZ STAAB.

Andante con moto.



*ppa.*  
*p*  
*ritard.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a series of chords and single notes, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Andante con moto' and the dynamics range from *ppa.* to *p*, ending with a *ritard.*



The mid - night stars are gleam - ing, Up -

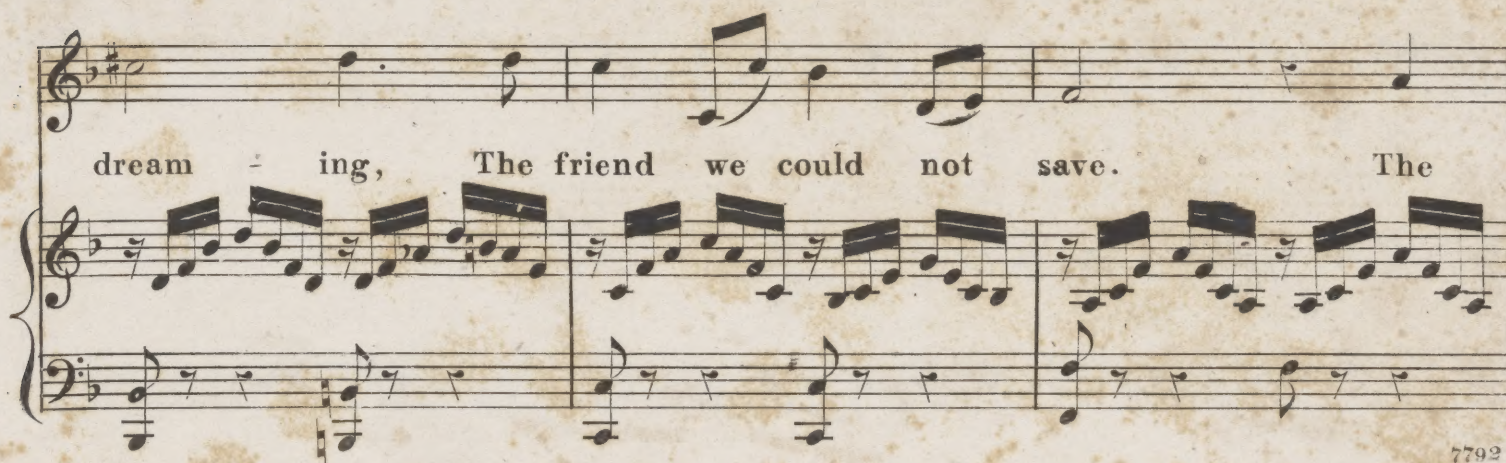
*loco.*  
*p*

The first vocal line is on a single staff. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, with the right hand playing a rapid eighth-note pattern and the left hand providing a steady accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'loco.' and the dynamics range from *p* to *loco.*



on her si - lent grave; Now sleep - eth with out

The second vocal line is on a single staff. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, with the right hand playing a rapid eighth-note pattern and the left hand providing a steady accompaniment.



dream - ing, The friend we could not save. The

The third vocal line is on a single staff. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, with the right hand playing a rapid eighth-note pattern and the left hand providing a steady accompaniment.



*f* ritard. *p* ritard.

cloud of grief is keep - ing, Its shad - ow on my

*f* ritard. *p* ritard.

brow; Oh blame me not for weep - ing, I

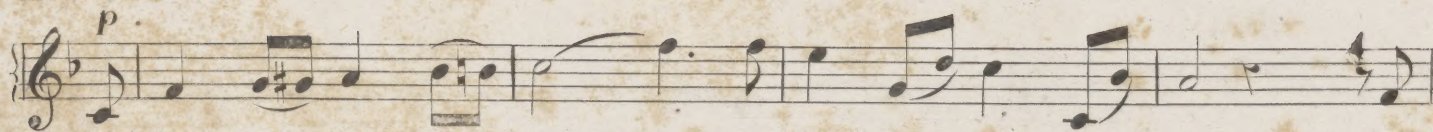
ritard. have no moth - er now. *ppa.*

ritard. *p*

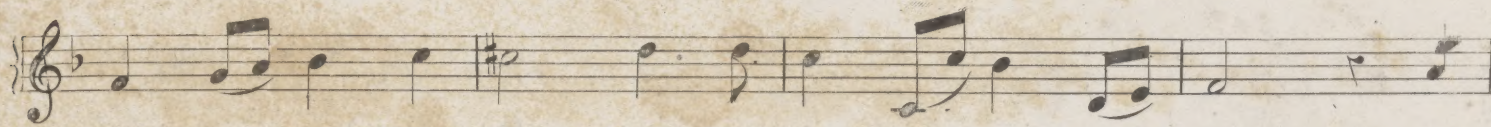
ritard.



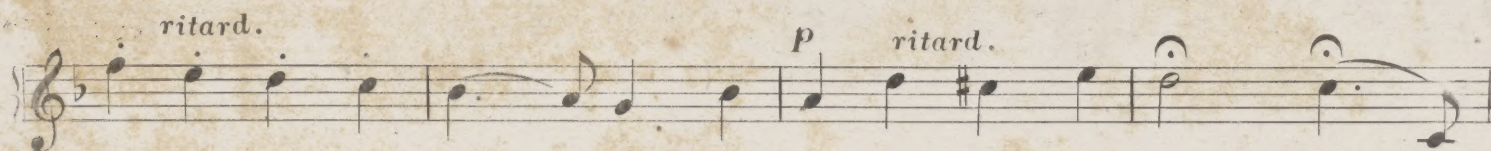
## 2d. Verse.



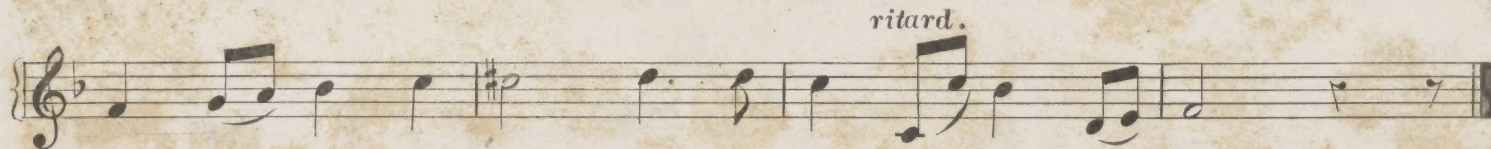
Yet not a-lone she lieth, One an-gel child is there; No



more for him she sigh - eth, For death hath joined the pair; To -

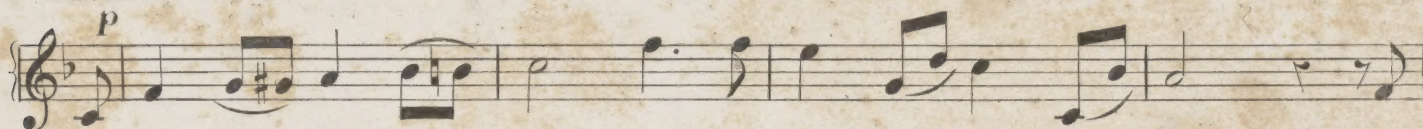


geth-er sweet - ly sleep - ing, Be-neath the lo - cust bough; Oh

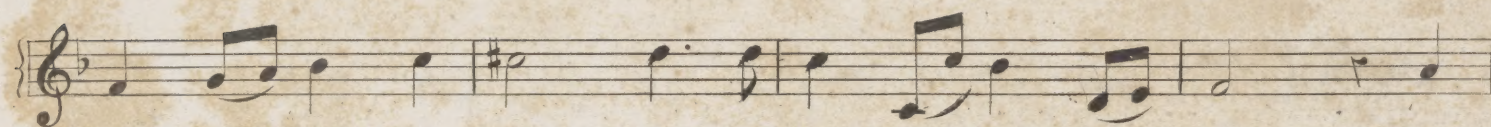


blame me not for weep - ing, I have no moth - er now.

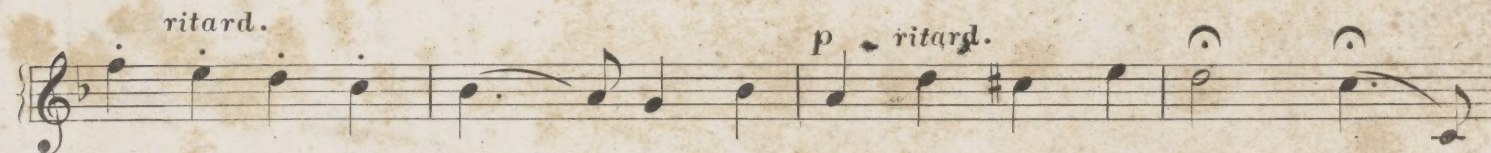
## 3d. Verse.



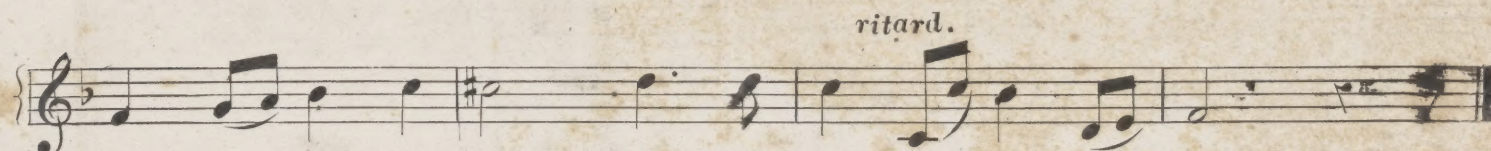
No moth - er now to bless me, With love sincere and true; No



moth - er to ca - ress me, As she was wont to do; No



mother's grief is heap - ing, Its cloud up - on my brow; Oh



blame me not for weep - ing, I have no moth - er now.





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